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ILDEGARDE.

I.

I WALK alone through the long town street ;
The pansies and hyacinths bloom in the air,
The sunshine thro' thick young leaves shines fair,
And the soft spring breeze comes fresh and sweet ;
I walk alone thro' the streets of the town,
I walk alone, my head bowed down :
I know not that all the world is young,
That youth and joy have found a tongue,
And that birds are twittering everywhere, —
Till I feel a little cold hand in mine,
And seeing with somebody's gentler eyes,
I find with a new and soft surprise
That the dull old boughs trail low with leaves,
That blossoms and sunshine fill the world,
That the lily-o'-valley's leaf is uncurled,
And that sparrows have built 'neath the old church eaves.
And because my heart is no longer hard,
But open and tender ; because my hand
Closes softly without my bidding, I know
That the touch as light and as cool as snow
Is of her who is in the happier land, —
Of my little lost love, Ildegarde.

II.

A breath like the first unfurling rose ;
A hand as light as the falling snow ; —
Like the young, fair year, when the sunshine weaves
A crown for her head, full of blooms and leaves —
So sweet, and so still, and so bright was she.
Like spring she came, as the soft bud blows ;
Like spring she passed, as the violets flee ;
And I know her tokens, when now and then
Like a dream she passes the haunts of men,
And her little cold hand is slipped into mine ;
And the night grows sweet with a presence rare,
And my arm enfolds more than the senseless air,
And a gentle thought in my heart has stirred ;
And my life is no longer dull and hard ;
Another sees only the night's stars shine,
Breathes the breath of a rose, hears the flight of a bird ;
But I know the breeze, and the flight, and the breath
Of the rose, as faint and as sweet as death ; —
My love has been with me, — Ildegarde.

— Henrietta Hardy.

THE SPUR OF MONMOUTH.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN IN WAR-TIME.

Nor seldom we harness ourselves carefully for the combat that is never to be, and find occasion for the armor in a fight little expected ; and whether the commander-in-chief, in visiting the King-of-Prussia on that memorable night, had achieved enough in warning and thus effectually alarming the military cabal, to repay him for the personal exertion and the calling out of Wilson's and Gregg's light-horse from their repose in the cantonments, certain it is that the return to Valley Forge was not to be made without his discovering that there was good reason for his being abroad, however different from anything previously expected.

At less than half a mile distance from the tavern, at the foot of the slight rise near the crown of which it stood, a minor road, little more than a horse-track, though capable of being passed by vehicles with some difficulty, crossed the highway leading back to Valley Forge. When the returning force, with the commander and General McIntosh riding side by side, were within a short distance of the cross-road, the figure of a horseman riding at good speed was seen against the snowy bank, on the opposite side, coming down toward the river from the southward. Both Washington and his subordinate noted the appearance at nearly the same moment, when yet they were at some hundreds of yards distance, and when the horseman had nearly half a corresponding distance to measure before passing the junction of the roads. In times like these, every traveler, and more especially every one riding at speed, is necessarily more or less an object of suspicion, or at least of inquiry ; and the

thought was natural in the minds of the officers that perhaps in this horseman some one, hitherto unsuspected, was escaping from the late rendezvous, whose known presence might have given a very different and much more serious character to the meeting. To intercept him, meanwhile, at this disadvantage as to distance, and with the evident speed of the beast he rode, seemed altogether impossible. But even as this thought ran through the minds of both, and as Washington turned in his saddle to say so much to the Scot, one of those accidents to which rough riders are subject, and especially rough riders by night, changed the whole aspect of the affair, and reversed the advantage previously held by the unknown as to both distance and speed.

Betrayed by a hole of some depth in the road at near the crossing, covered with a thin crust of snow, and thus invisible to both horse and rider, the animal, sharply ridden, set hoof in the depression, floundered an instant, struggled to keep footing, and then, in spite of the assistance of the bridle in no unpracticed hand, fell heavily forward, carrying the horseman with and partially under him, eliciting a cry of pain from the man and a snort of fright from the beast thus suddenly brought to a halt in his career. Quite a moment of continued struggle followed, in the joint effort of the horse to rise and of the rider to extricate himself ; and in that moment the two officers, spurring rapidly forward under the double incitement of pity and curiosity, were at the side of the fallen, and Lachlan McIntosh out of his saddle and ready to assist or arrest as the case might demand, when the foremost files of the troops halted opposite, and the unfortunate found himself in the hands of an armed body.

At that moment the horse succeeded in recovering his feet, and the rider, evidently shaken though with no bones broken, also reached an erect position, and stood a little bewildered by the spectacle before him. Washington was the first to break silence, with the inquiry, at once natural and humane :

"A bad fall, sir ; but I trust that you are not seriously injured ?"

"Not much, I think, though my leg went under the blundering brute and might have been broken," was the reply, followed by a glance which seemed to sweep around and take in the military party and then the persons nearest him.

"Deil blame the horse, man, in siccan a hole as that and at the gait ye were gaun !" interposed McIntosh, as warm a friend to the four-footed as the age could supply. But Washington replied much more sternly, immediately after :

"No, I do not see that the horse was in fault : much more likely (your pardon, young sir !) that the hand on the bridle was scarcely quick enough for rough roads and night-riding at speed."

"Humph !" was all the comment, and that not too amiable, of the late rider, who had not relinquished the bridle and yet held it in his hand, while the heaving flanks and drooped head of his horse could be distinguished even through the dusk and against the snow. By the same doubtful light, too, it could be seen that the horseman was of notably tall figure, wrapped in a heavy riding-coat, below which there was a glint of silver from long military spurs, while a broad, soft-flapped hat hung low over his face, and would have prevented easy recognition even in a better atmosphere for view. All these details the quick eye of the commander-in-chief had rapidly embraced ; and it is truth to say that the latter one especially went no small distance to corroborate the suspicion lately formed, that this man, whatever or whoever he might be, had lately been at the King-of-Prussia, and that the suspected plot might then have deeper and more treasonable roots than before believed.

"Stupid of horse, hand or both," at length the unhorsed rider remarked, filling a pause that had grown awkward. "I was riding in haste, however, as you probably saw, and if my girths are all right —"

"Nae muckle wrang wi' the girths or wi' the beastie, that I can see," said Lachlan McIntosh, who had thoughtfully thrust his fingers under that portion

of the horse-accountments. "But for yersel', young man, before ye ride we're under the wee necessity of askin' the bit question, wha ye are and where ye ride and for what ava ?"

"Am I to consider myself a prisoner, then ?" somewhat haughtily demanded the other, the bridle still in his hand.

"Deil one o' me knows ; yersel' should ken muckle the better," was the reply of the Scot ; then adding : "This is war-time, young man, as aiblins ye ken wi'out telling. 'Deed ye might be a soldier yersel', wi' small change, I'm thinking. And men do not pass wi'out giving place, name, and the bit errand they're doing, e'en wi' tumblin' into the road as a reason for waivin' that trifle of ceremony."

But again, as in a previous instance at the tavern piazza, the voice of Washington prevented any continuance in the quasi-raillery of his subordinate, and possibly the utterance of angry words on the part of his interlocutor.

"Young sir," was the grave speech of the commander, "whether you are a soldier or no, you can not be entirely ignorant of the usages of war, after all the years in which it has scourged this country. It was the first duty of this officer and myself to assist you if in any difficulty from your accident —"

"For so much I beg you to believe that I thank you," replied the unknown, without quite waiting for the conclusion of the whole sentence.

"Our second duty, as in command of this detachment," the commander went on, without acknowledging the interpolated thanks, "is to demand of you what this officer has asked, before allowing you to resume your journey. So much you should know, and so much will certainly be required before you leave this spot, except under guard."

For a moment after this there was silence. Then followed what neither of the officers could have expected — what surprised them as much as any single event could possibly have done. That the man before them was young and of vigorous proportions they saw and understood ; that he was a soldier, of whatever service, they more than believed. And yet what they saw and heard after the declaration of Washington, was the sudden bowing down of the young man's head on his breast and the breaking from him of sobs that seemed to evidence the most dastardly fear or the deepest sorrow. All honor to the memory of both ! — they did not for a moment fall into the error of believing that the first was the compelling cause : they both divined that something more was here hidden than marked the ordinary course of adventure and arrest.

For only a brief space, however, this convulsion shook the unknown ; then with a great effort he controlled the emotion, and at least partially regained his composure. In point of fact, he, the moment before in pitiable irresolution as well as in serious trouble, had sprung to a determination, and in that determination found relief.

"General Washington !" he spoke, and at the mention of the name both of the officers started, "I have to ask a favor that I think you of all men will be the last to deny me — a word of private conference with yourself."

The habitually slow and careful commander did not answer on the instant ; and, believing that he hesitated, the other continued :

"I may make you less willing to grant me the favor, and I may possibly make you more so, by saying that I am a soldier. I am armed, but wish to show my good faith by handing my weapons, — my only weapons, upon my word as a gentleman — to this officer, as surety that I have no treacherous intentions."

With the last word he drew from their confinement at his waist a pair of richly mounted pistols, held them out to General McIntosh, and made a movement to unbuckle the sword hidden under his outer coat. But a counter-movement from Washington arrested both motions, as his next words placed the whole affair upon a very different, as well as unexpected footing.

"Leave the sword where it belongs, young sir," he